

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

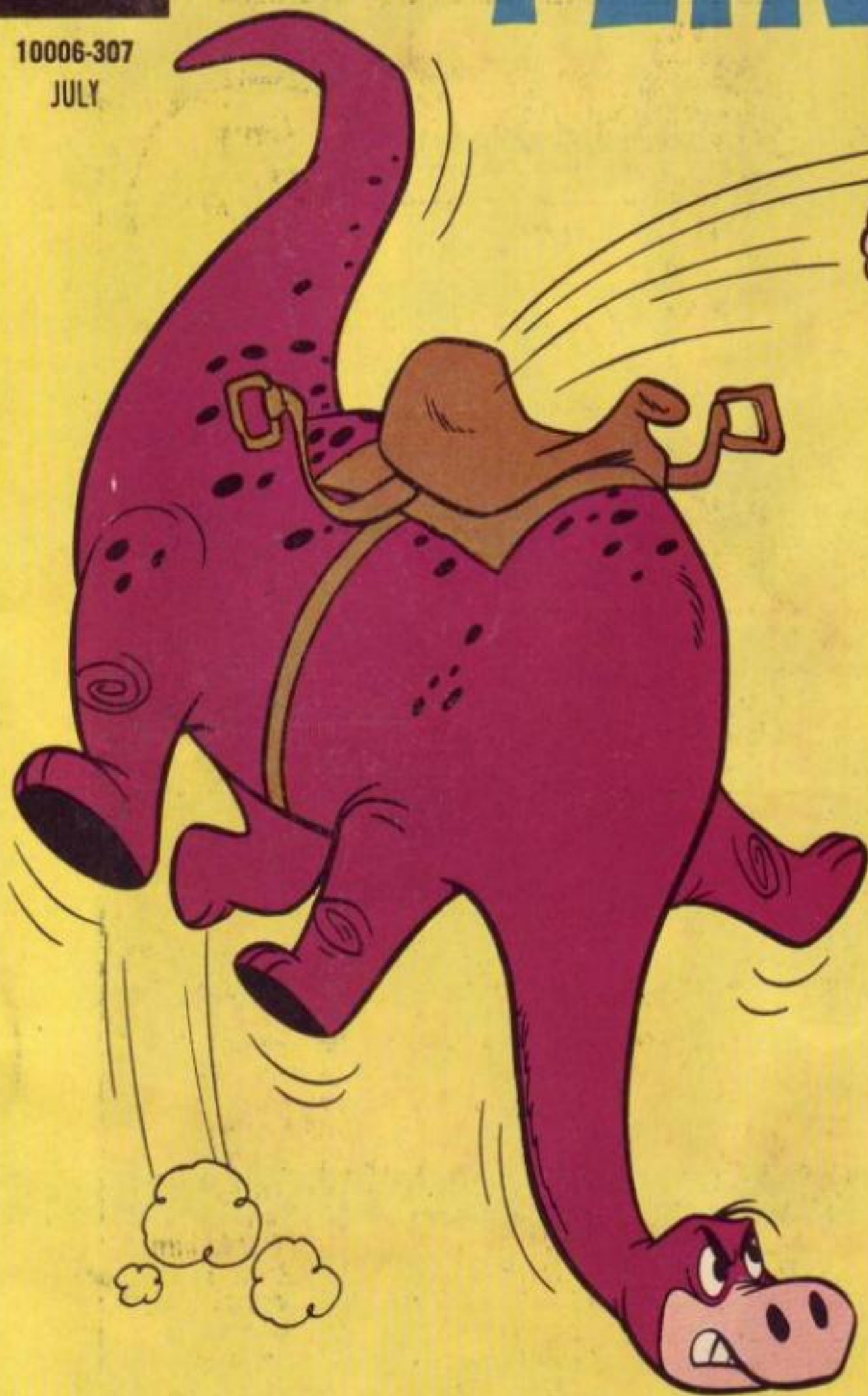
HANNA-BARBERA

NOW ONLY 12c

THE FLINTSTONES

10006-307

JULY



THE ^{too} OLD COWHAND



Plus
**PEBBLES
FLINTSTONE**
Panic
in the
Park



I'VE STILL
GOT FIVE
MORE
EVENTS IN
THIS RODEO!
HOW DID I
GET INTO
THIS
MESS?

YOU KNOW HOW ...



CONTINUED INSIDE

Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
THE ^{too} OLD
COWHAND

CONTINUED FROM
 FRONT PAGE

IT STARTED WHEN
 FRED'S NEPHEW
 CAME FOR A VISIT...

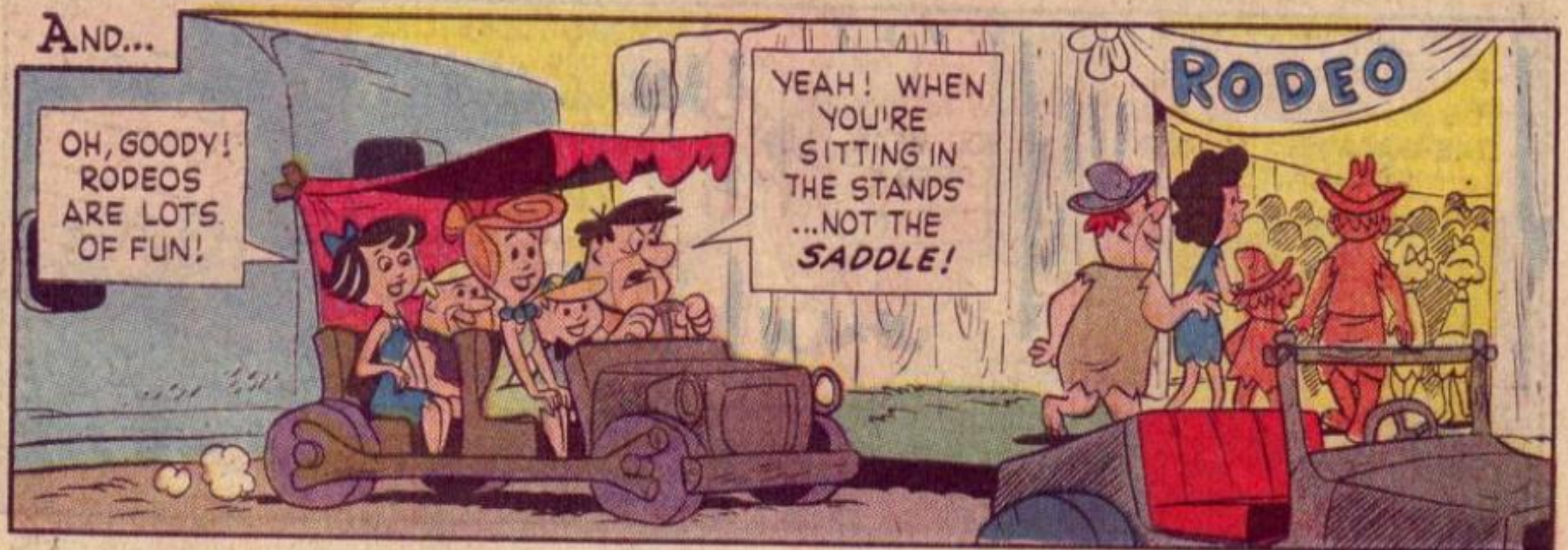


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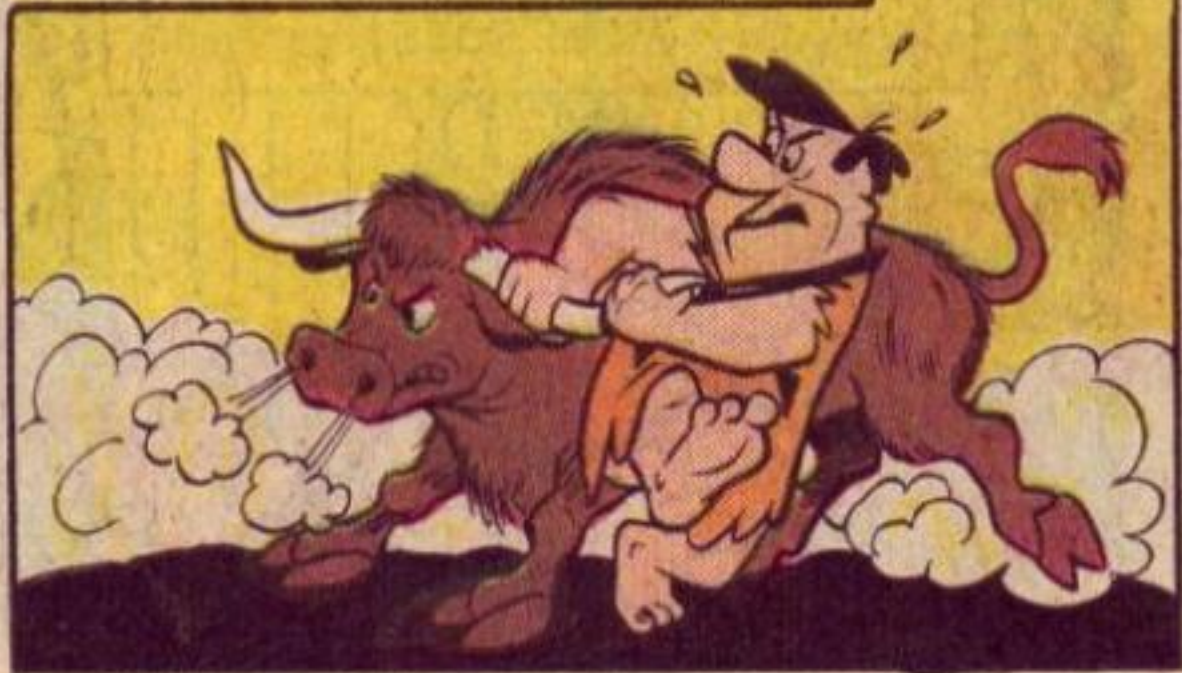
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and
 new address enclosing if possible your old address label.







AND IT'S CLEAR HE'LL NEVER
THROW A TERRA-STEER...



IN FACT, THE STEER THROWS HIM...



FINALLY...

OH, MY ACHING
BACK! I RODE
IN EVERY EVENT,
AND WHAT GOOD
DID IT DO?

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
FRED?



I MEAN NOW I'LL BE EVEN LESS OF A
HERO IN MELVIN'S EYES AFTER THE POOR
SHOWING I'VE MADE!



WELL, WE
BETTER
MEET THE
GIRLS!

WAIT! I JUST WANT
TO SAY GOOD-BY!



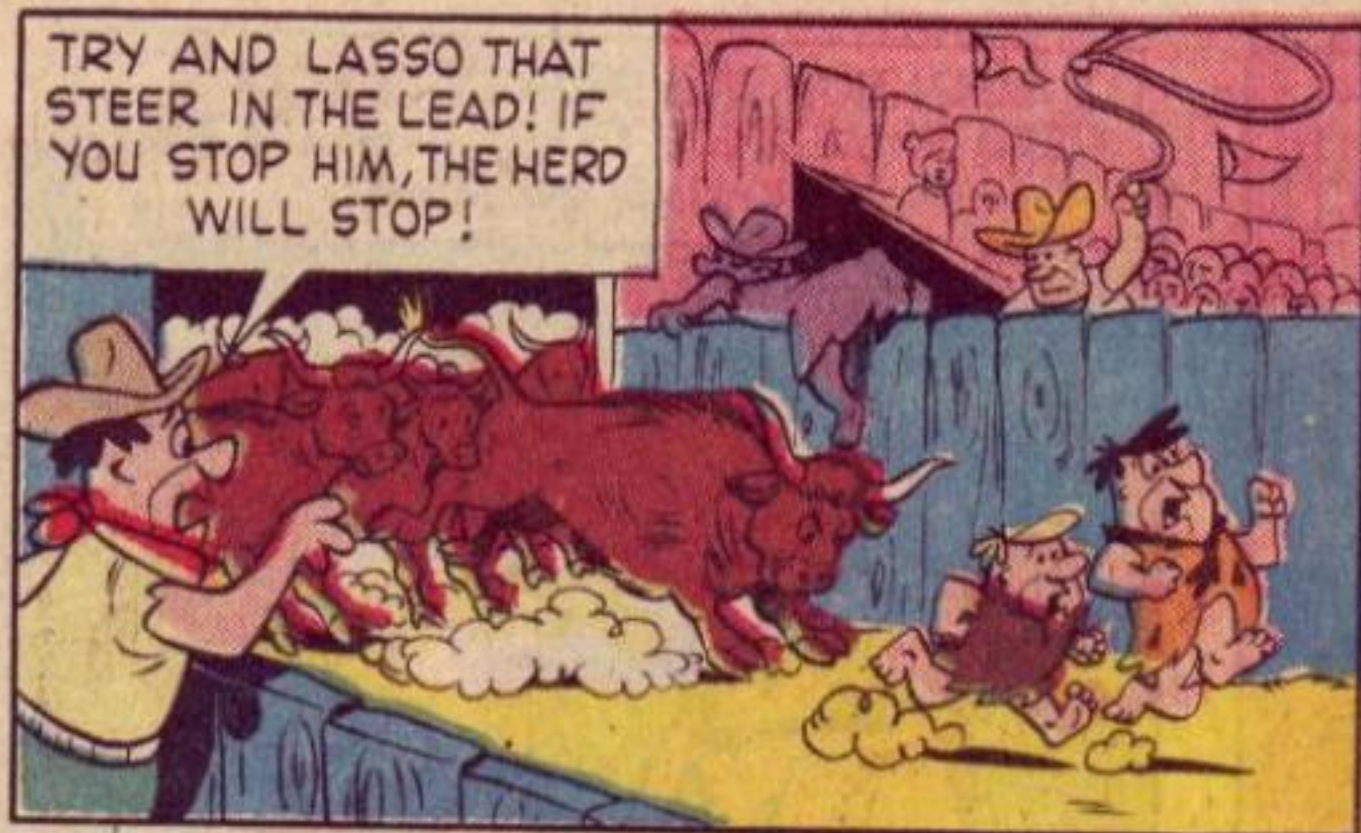
NYAAAAH! I HOPE THE NEXT TIME
I SEE YOU IT'S ON A *MENU*!

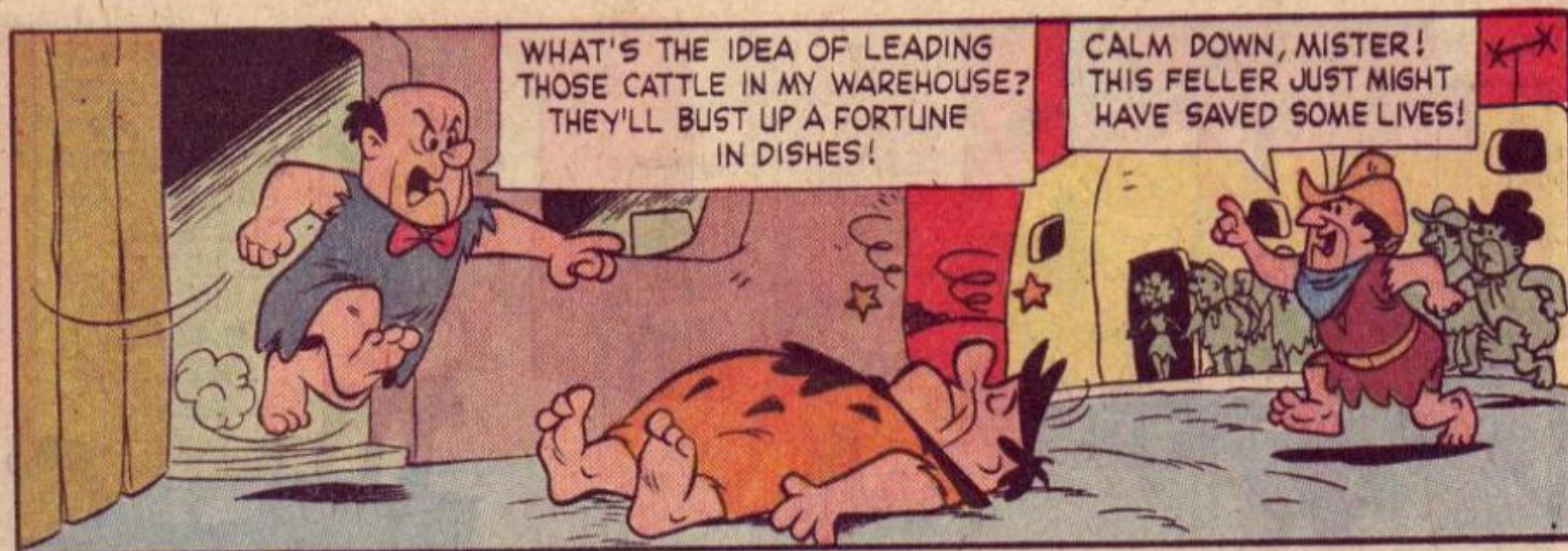
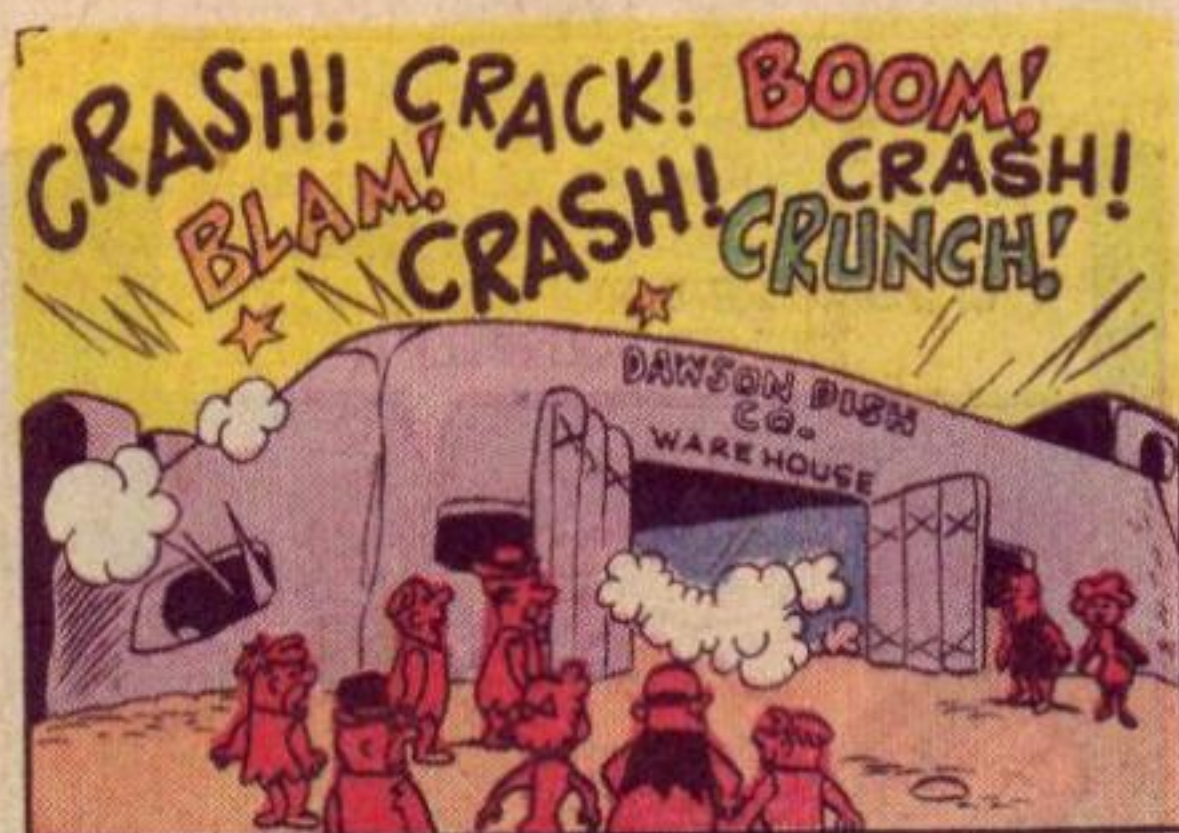


FRED SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE
THAT! TERRA-STEERS HAVE
LONG MEMORIES AND SHORT
TEMPERS...

THAT MAY HAVE BEEN
CHILDISH, BUT IT SURE
MADE ME FEEL BETTER!









Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

TENDERFOOT TALENT SCOUTS

DOGGONE! WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE TO THE ANNUAL DINOSAUR LODGE AMATEUR SHOW!

I HATE TO MISS EVEN ONE ACT! THEY'RE ALL SO BAD, THEY'RE FUNNY!



YEAH! WHAT MAKES HALF THESE AMATEURS THINK THEY HAVE ANY TALENT, ANYWAY?



I'M IN LOOOVE WITH THIS OLD FLAT WORRLD...
♪ ♪ ♪

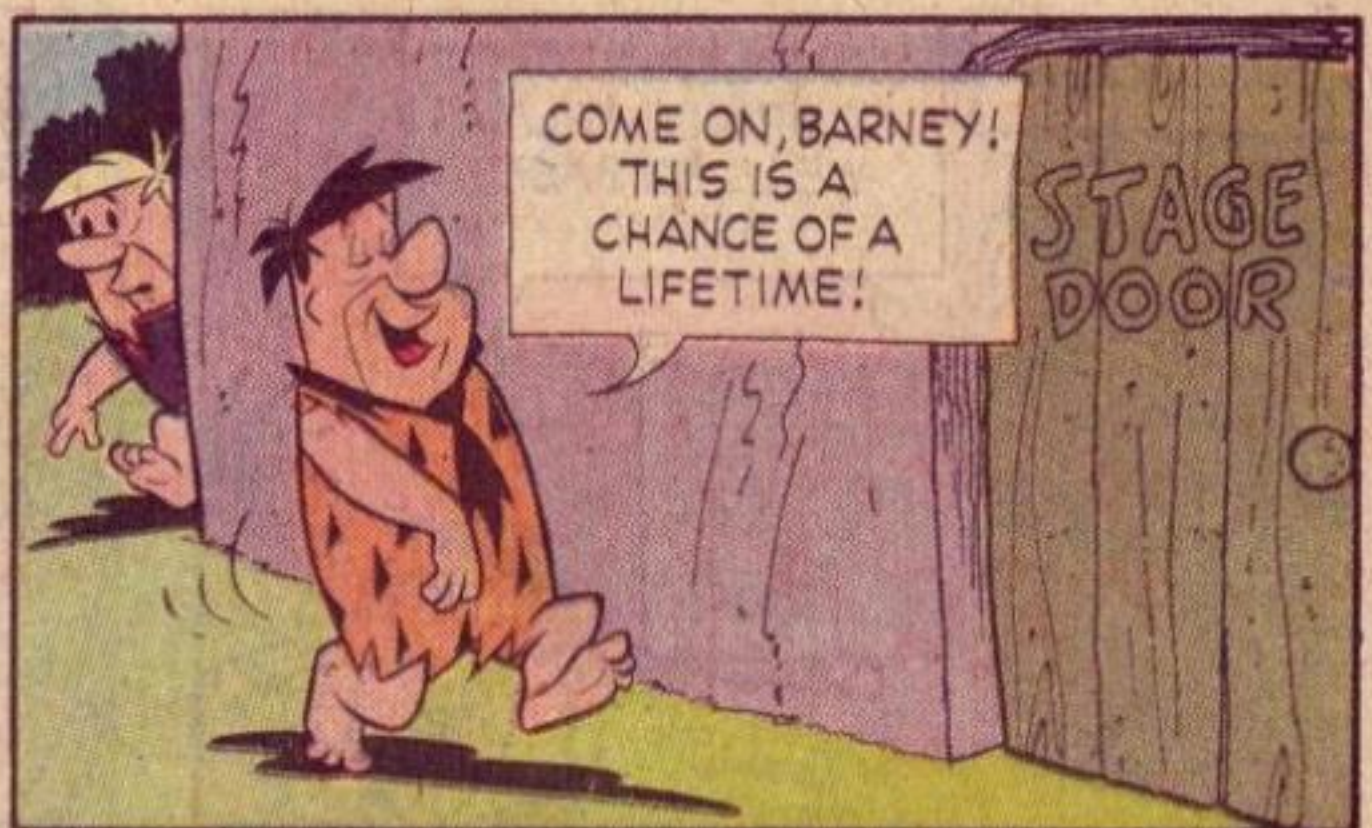


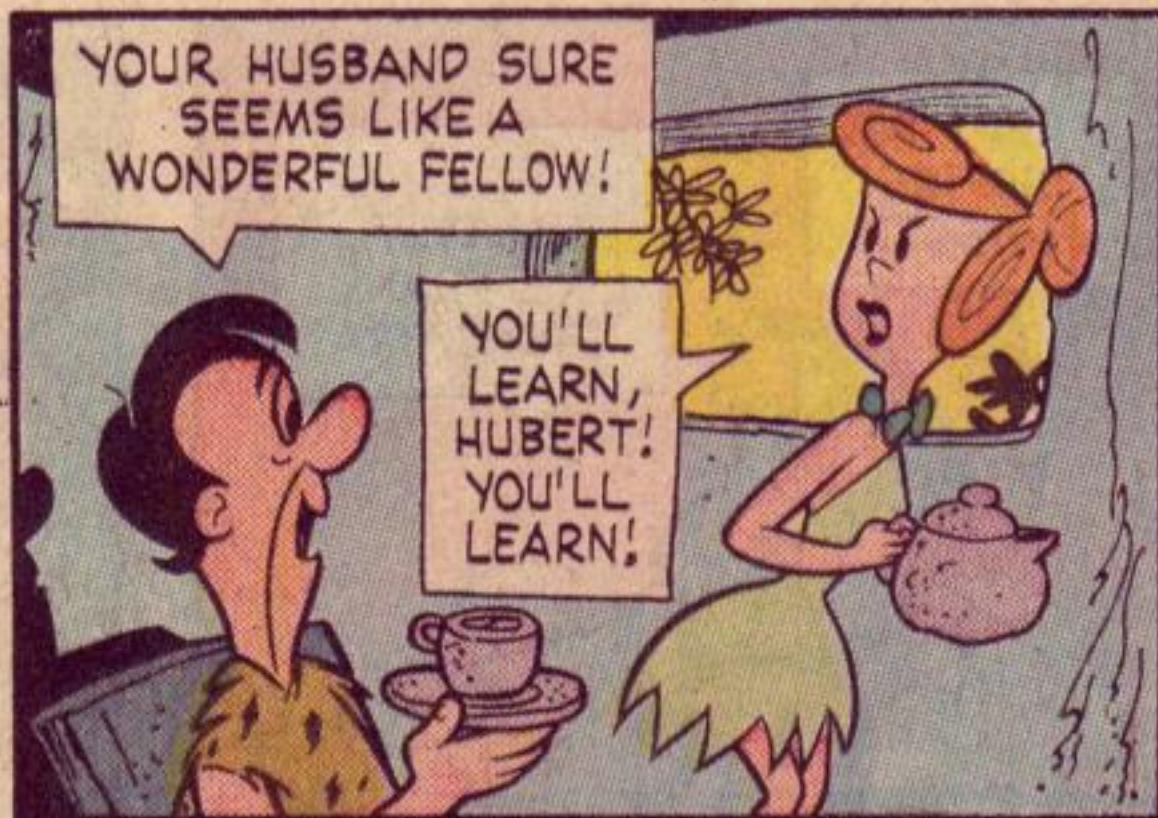
FRED! THE KID IS GREAT!

HE SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE FRANK STONEATRA!



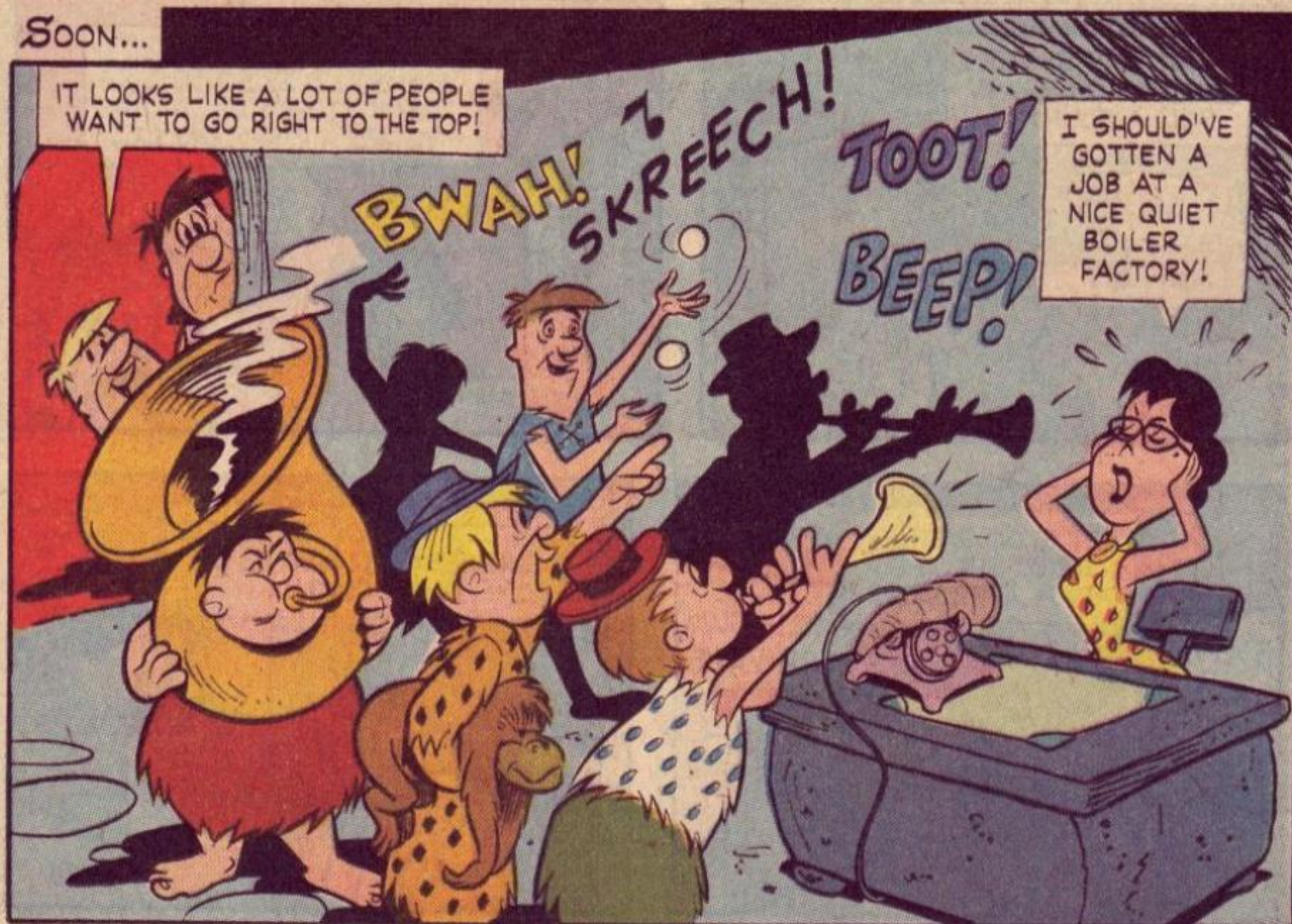
COME ON, BARNEY! THIS IS A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

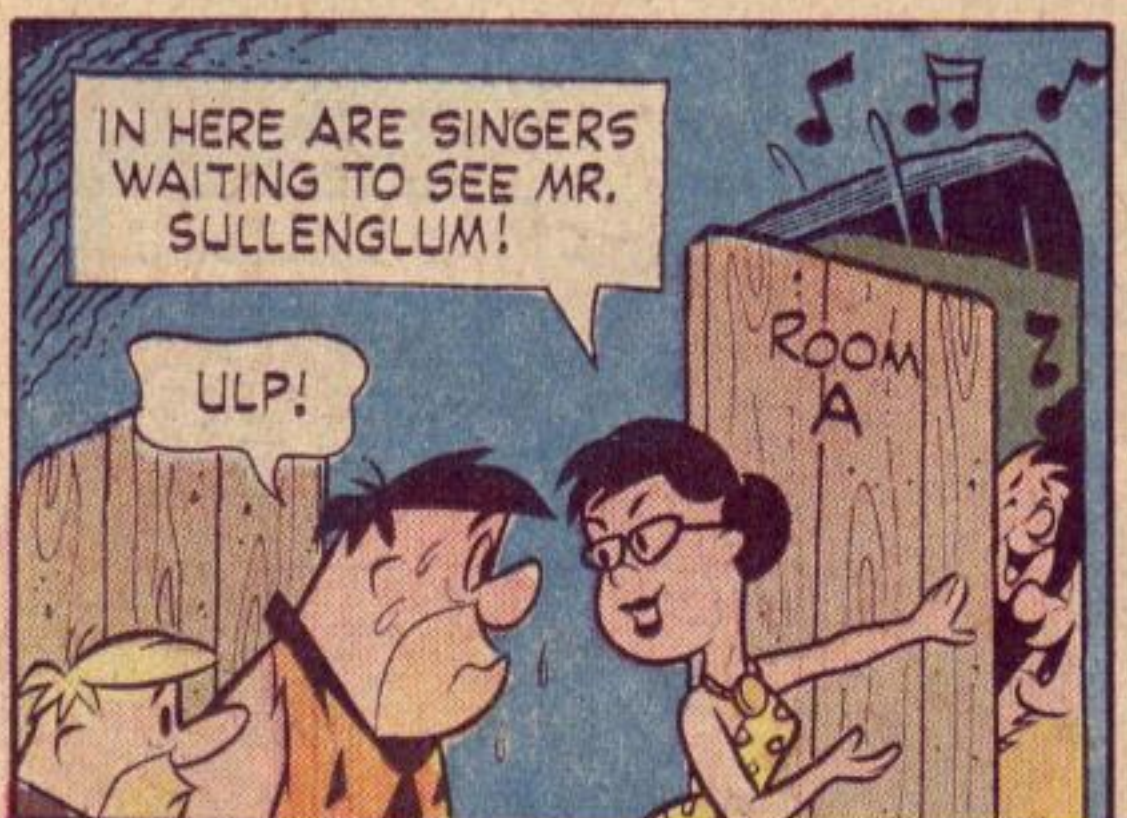


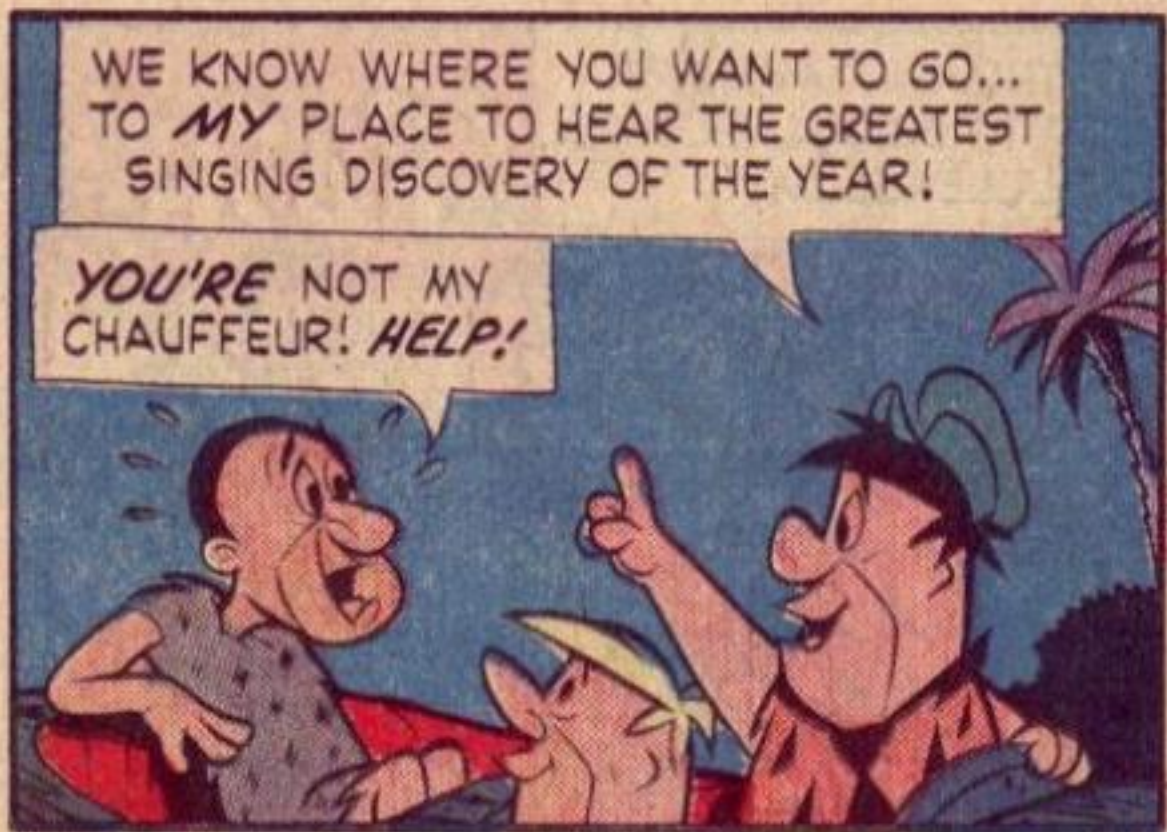
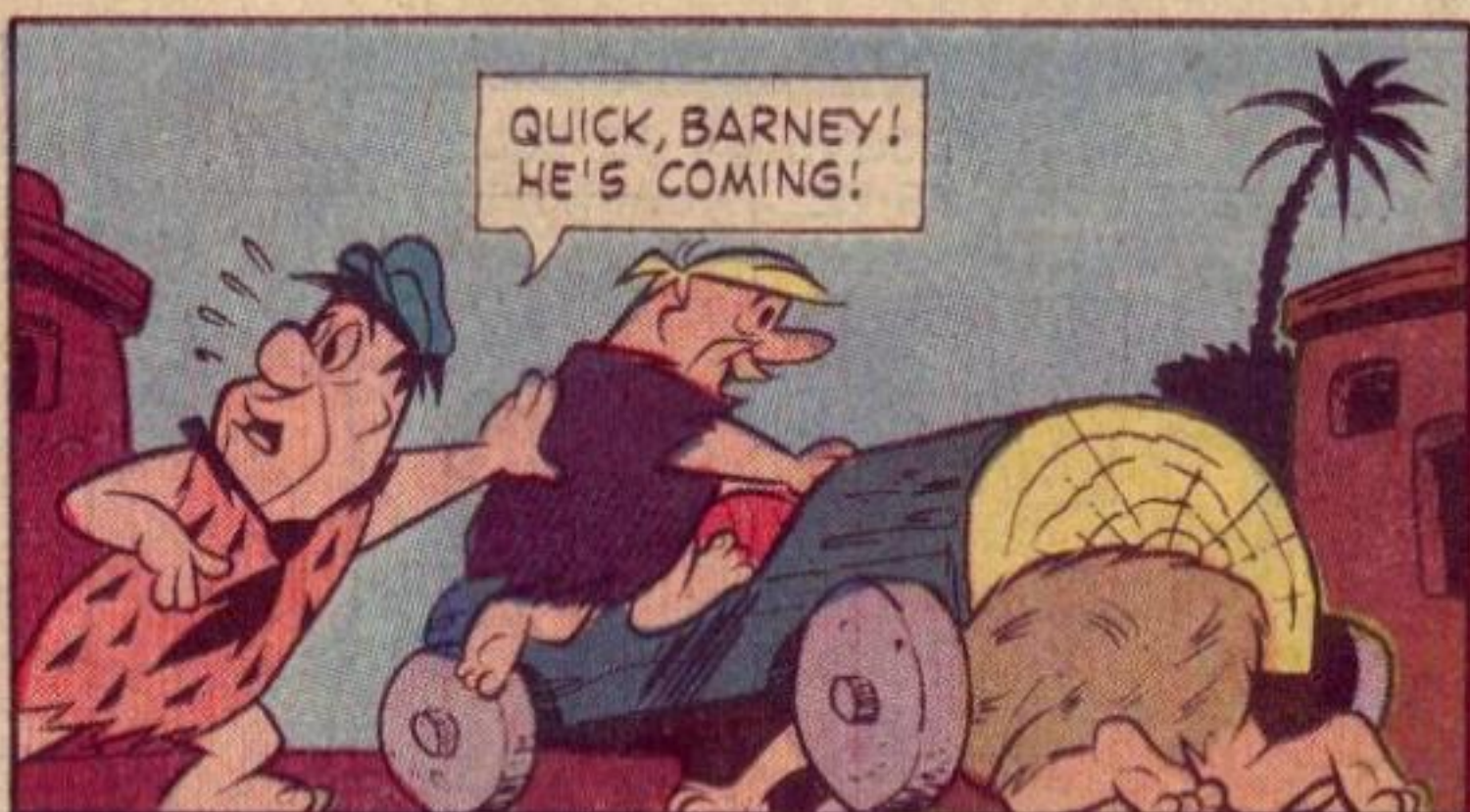


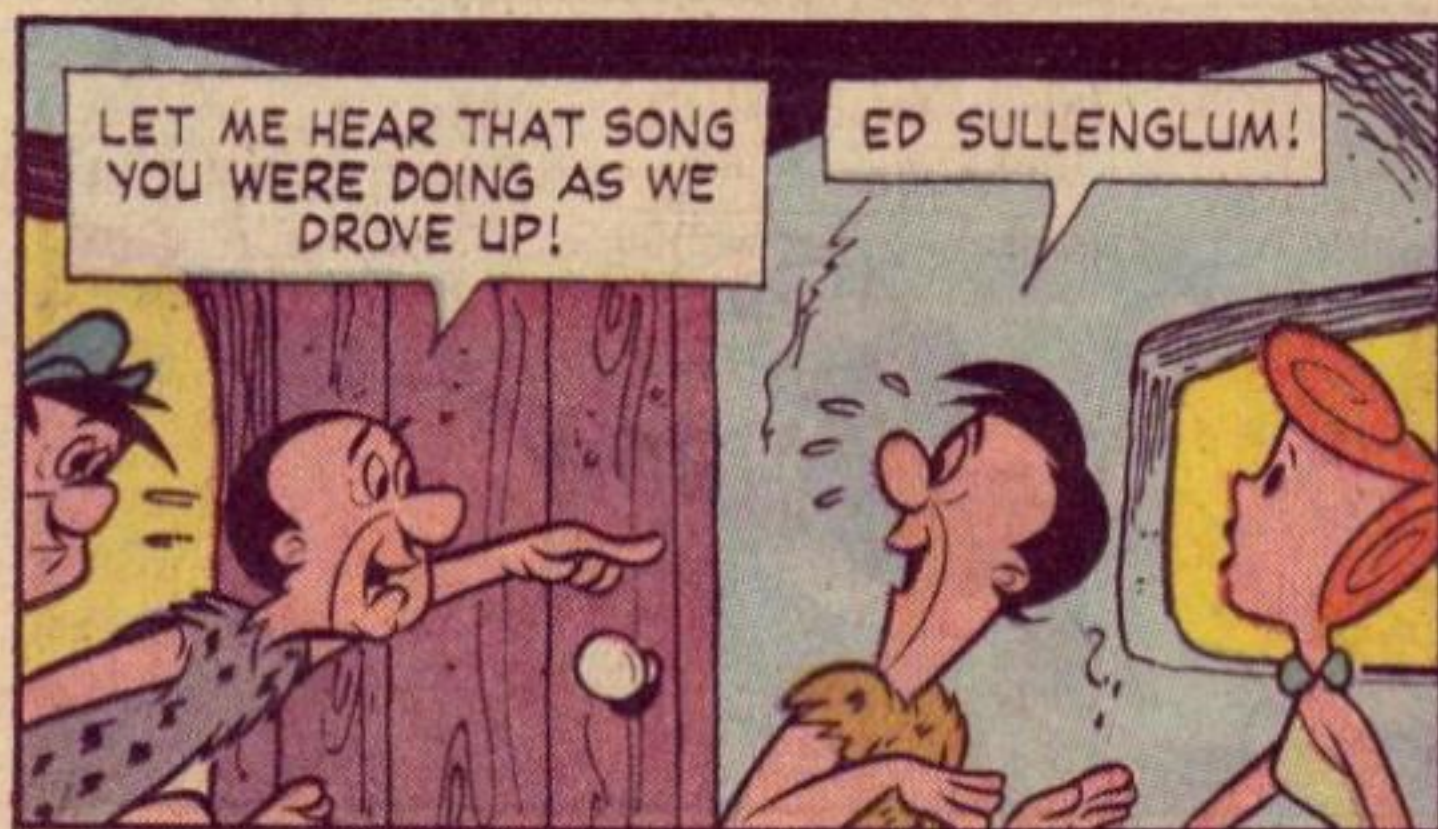


SOON...

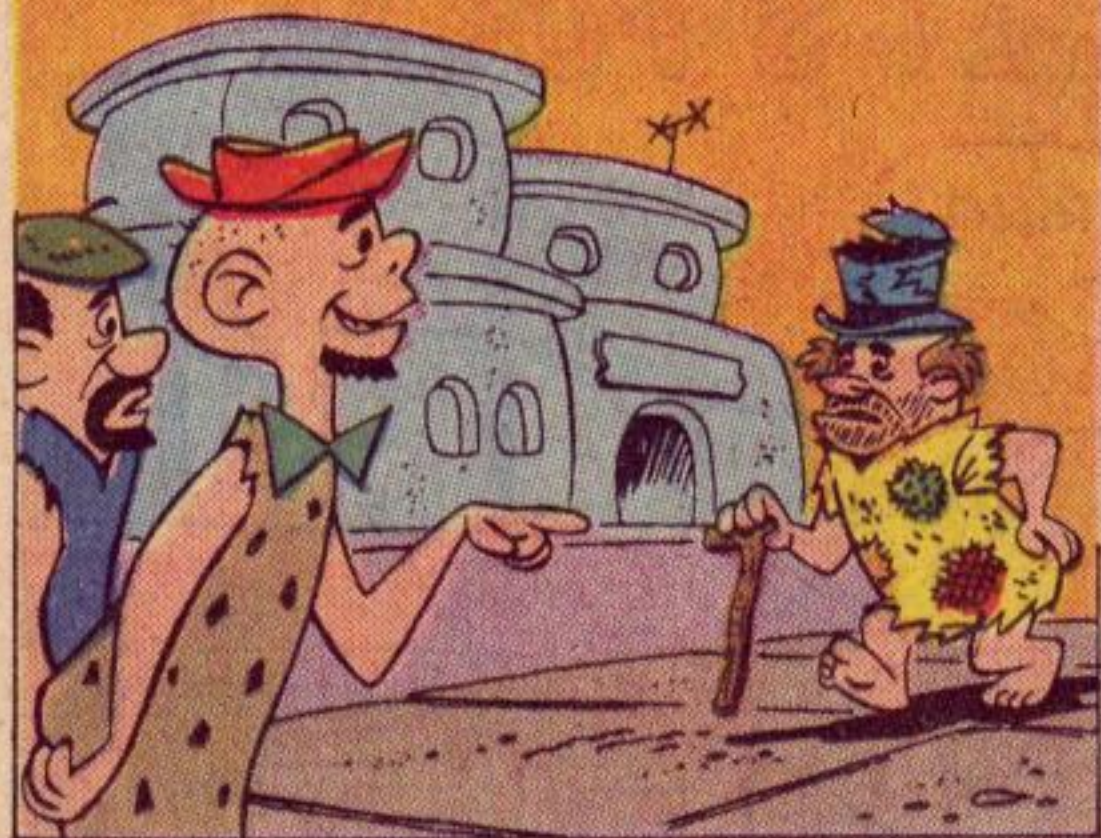








WHAT'S THE USE?



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Rodney and Twitchy were standing on a corner. Well, they were not exactly standing; they were "sleaning," a combination of slouching and leaning; and they were reading a poster.

"'Are you our town's most useful citizen? If our roving judge sees you doing a useful act, you may win a prize,'" read Rodney.

"Man, what a drag!" Twitchy moaned. "Every beat knows there is nothing more useless than being useful. Those eight-to-five guys lead useful lives, and what do they get? A car, a home, a family, security, but none of the important things we have . . . like . . . er . . . like, you know what I mean, Rod."

"Truesville, pal. Just for laughs, I wonder what the first prize is for being useful," Rodney replied, rubbing his chin.

As they looked at the list of prizes at the bottom of the poster, their faces flushed to several interesting shades of purple.

"'First-prize-one-hundred-dollars,'" Rodney slowly read aloud.

"Rod, I know beatniks aren't supposed to be interested in money, and I'd feel sort of guilty if I won the prize," said Twitchy, "but feeling guilty with a hundred bucks in my pocket wouldn't be so bad."

"Wise words, pal. I'd like a crack at the cash, too, but it's been so long since I did anything useful I can't think of anything."

Twitchy replied, "Man, like helping a man in distress was considered useful when I was a kid. It must still be tops on the list."

Just then, they saw a man in about as

much distress as a man could be. His clothes were so patched that the patches even had patches. He looked like a reject from skid row.

Twitchy and Rodney began befriending the old man, all the while hoping the roving judge would walk by and see them doing something useful . . . for a change. At first the man was suspicious, but soon he accepted the boys' offer of food.

About an hour later, after the man had been fed and was clothed in a new suit the boys had bought for him, they said good-by.

"So long, old-timer!" yelled Rodney at the top of his lungs. "We enjoyed doing all the things we did for you. We like doing useful things for our fellow beings."

"Louder," whispered Twitchy. "If the judge is around, we want him to know about this."

The old man turned back to the boys and said, with tears in his eyes, "I have a confession to make, boys. I'm not really poor. I am a millionaire, but I'm a miser, too, and I hoard my money. It makes me ashamed to have you two boys share what little you have with me. Why, you are so poor you have to go about unwashed, unshaven, and wearing old clothes that almost put my rags to shame."

"But, we look like this because we like to look like this," protested Rodney.

"Nonsense! Nobody but a miser would be seen looking like that unless he **had** to."

So saying, the old man shoved the protesting heroes on a tour of barber shops, steam baths, and clothing stores.

Later, Rodney and Twitchy stood with the old man, looking very uncomfortable in new clothes, tight shoes, short hair, and clean chins. The old miser had even more tears in his eyes . . . because of the money he had spent.

Just then, a man came over to the group. He smiled and pressed a new one hundred dollar bill into the old man's hand.

"I'm the roving judge for the most useful citizen contest. You have performed one of the most useful acts of all . . . rehabilitating two beatniks. You win the prize!" the man exclaimed, slapping the miser on the back.

"Hooray! All this didn't cost me a cent," cried the old man. "I even made ten dollars on the deal and got a new suit to boot!"

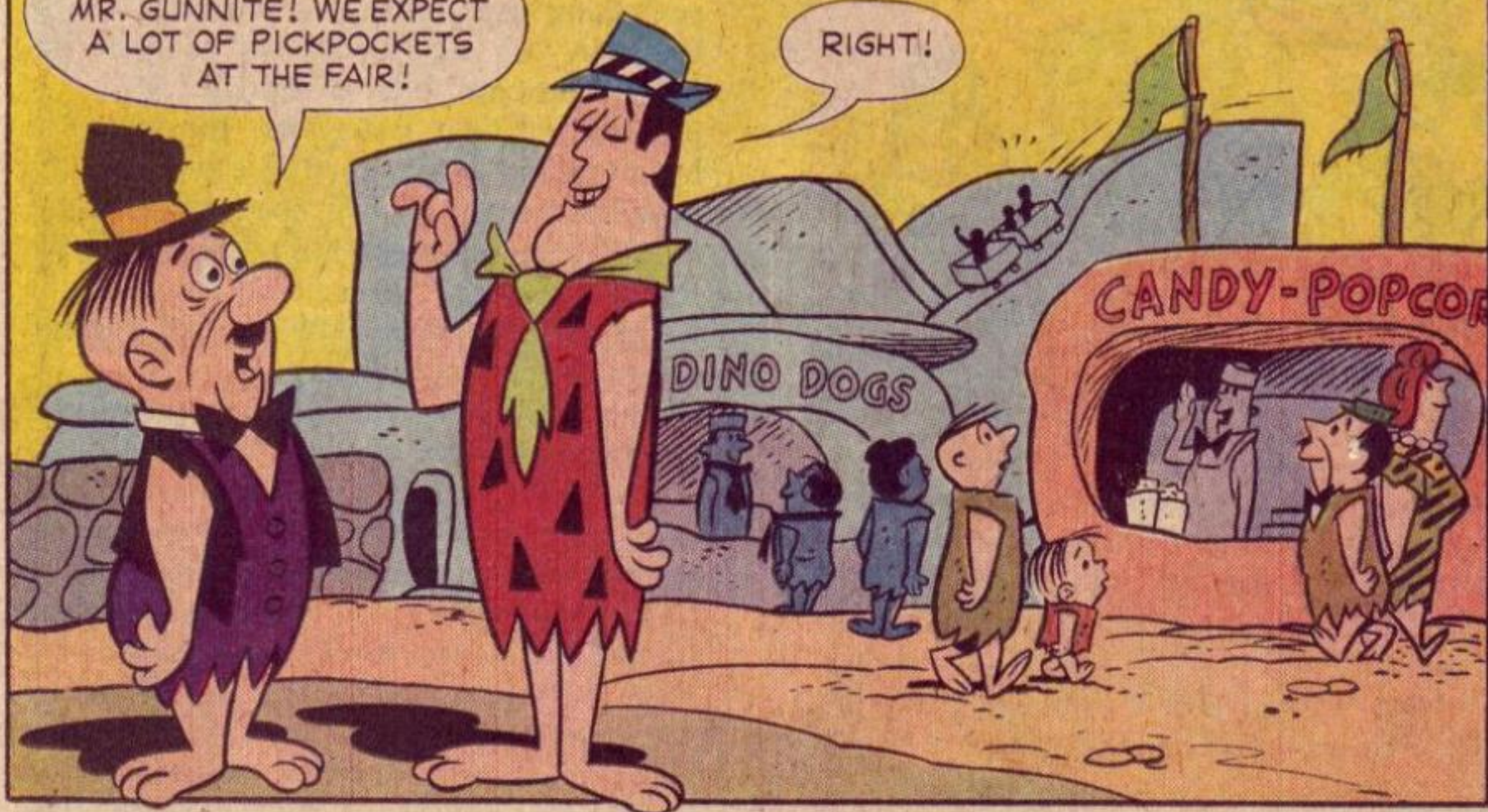
Rodney and Twitchy didn't say a word. How could they? They were unconscious!

Hanna-Barbara
PERRY GUNNITE

PICKING THE PICK-POCKET'S POCKET

KEEP A SHARP EYE,
MR. GUNNITE! WE EXPECT
A LOT OF PICKPOCKETS
AT THE FAIR!

RIGHT!



I'LL KEEP MY
EYES PEELED ON
ALL POCKETS!

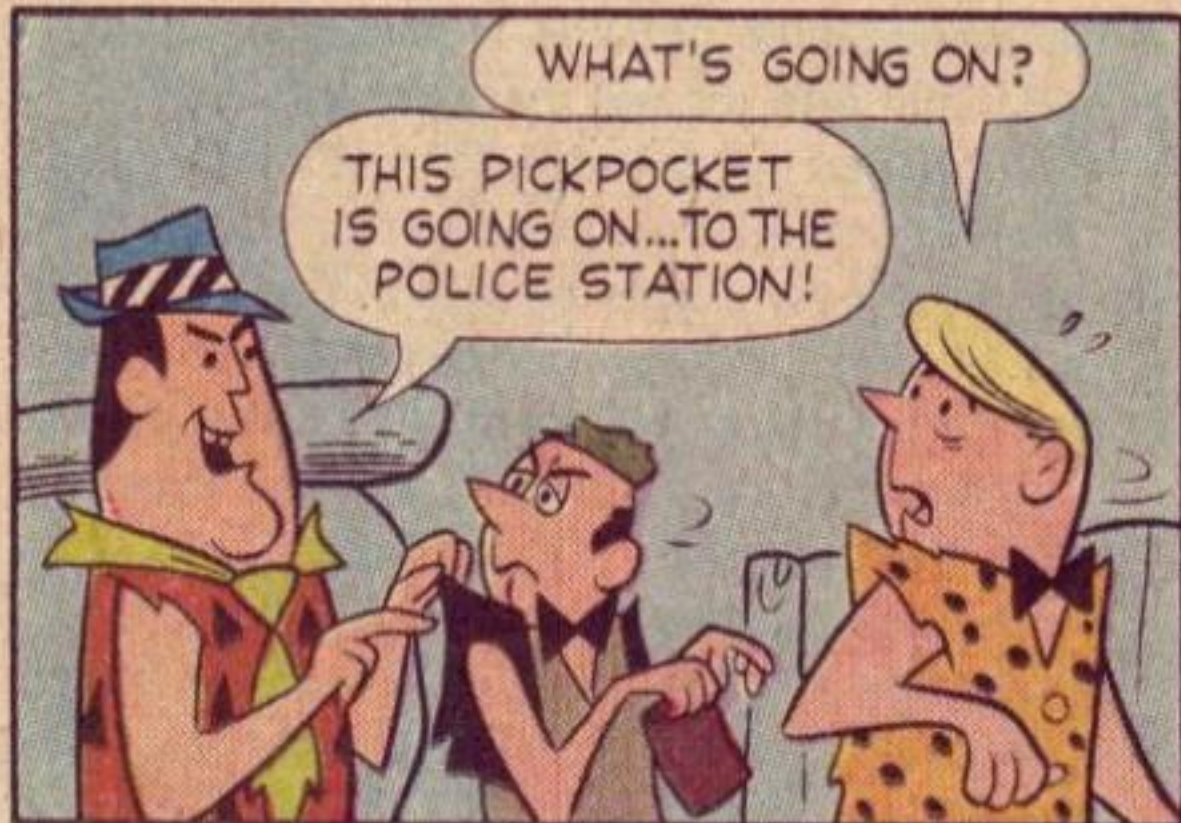


AH, HA! PEEKING AT
THAT POCKET PAID OFF!



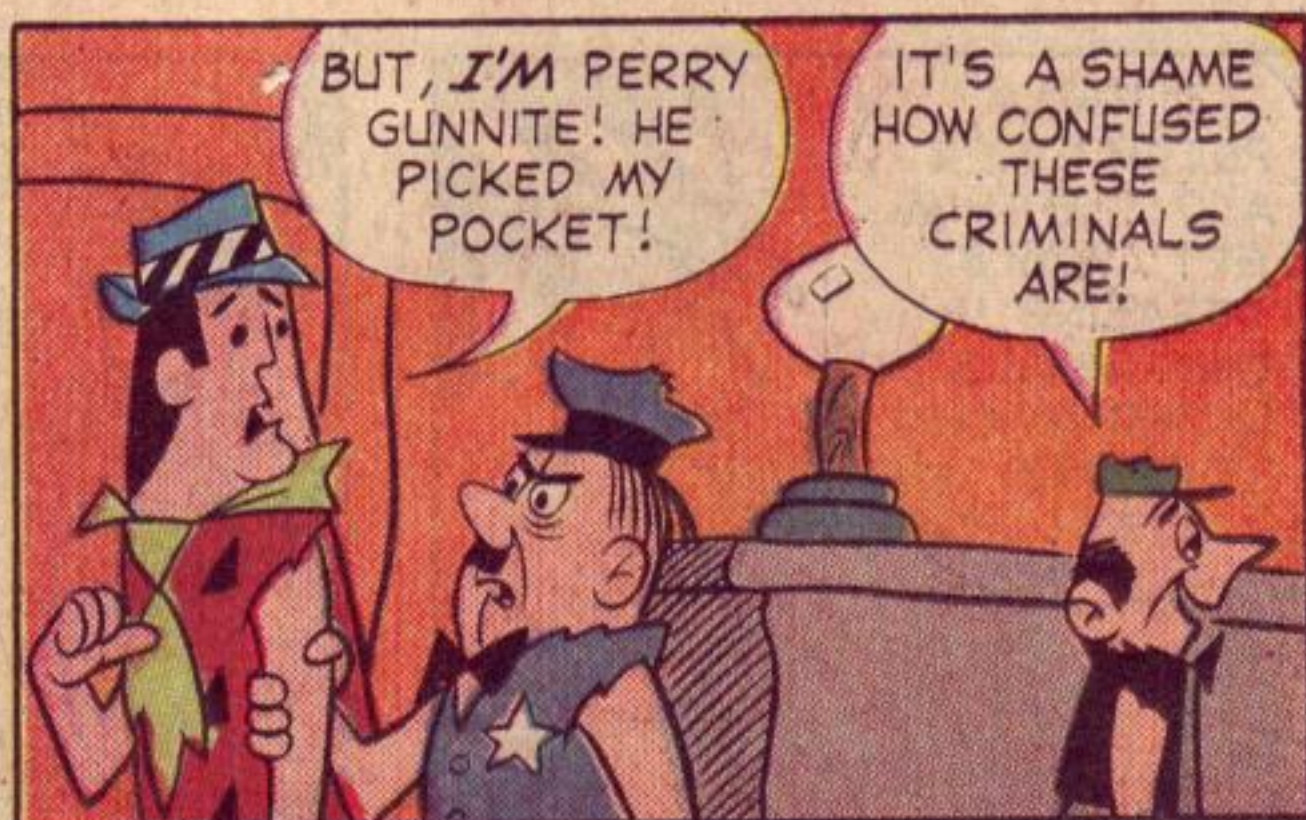
WHAT'S GOING ON?

THIS PICKPOCKET
IS GOING ON...TO THE
POLICE STATION!

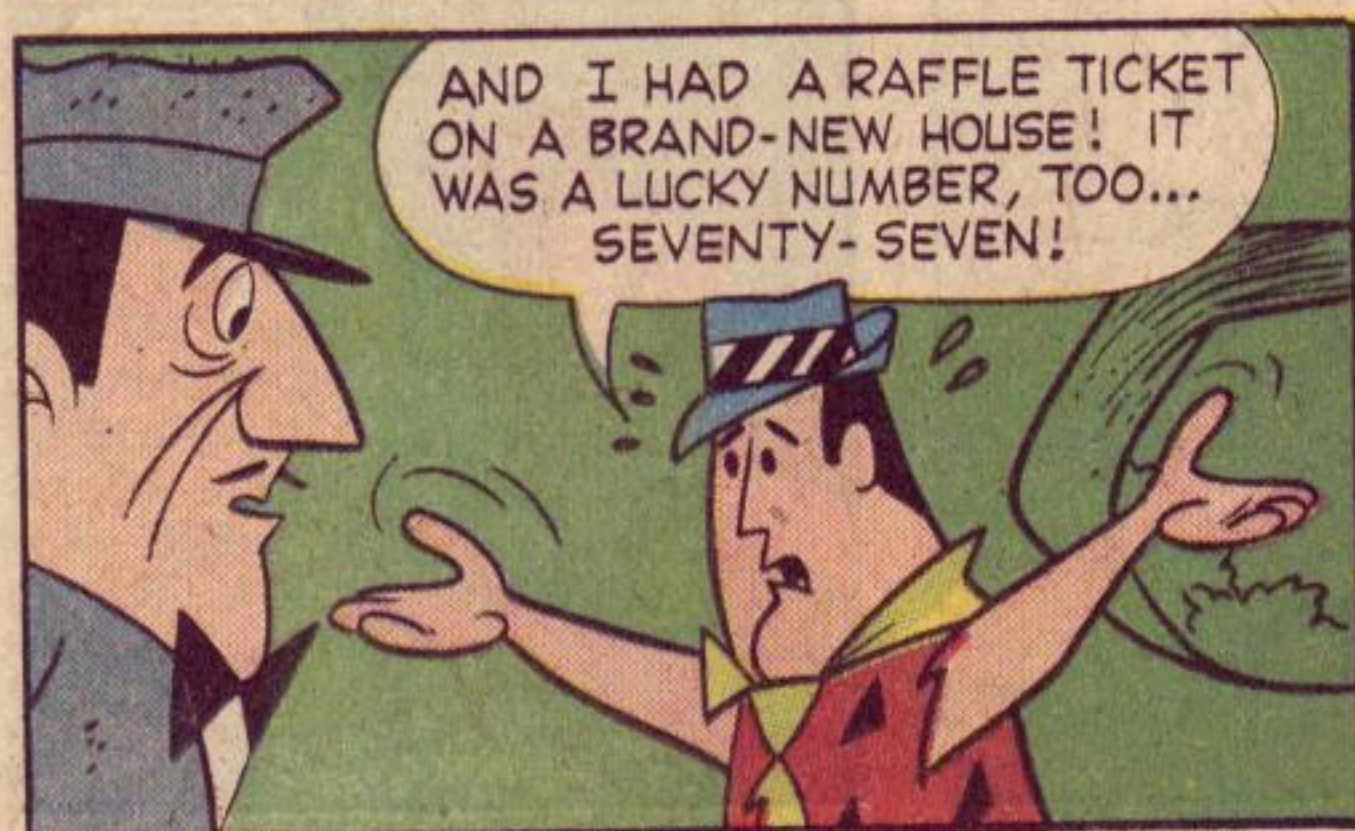


I RECOGNIZE YOU, PETER PIKER,
ONE OF THE TOP PICKPOCKETS IN
THE COUNTRY!





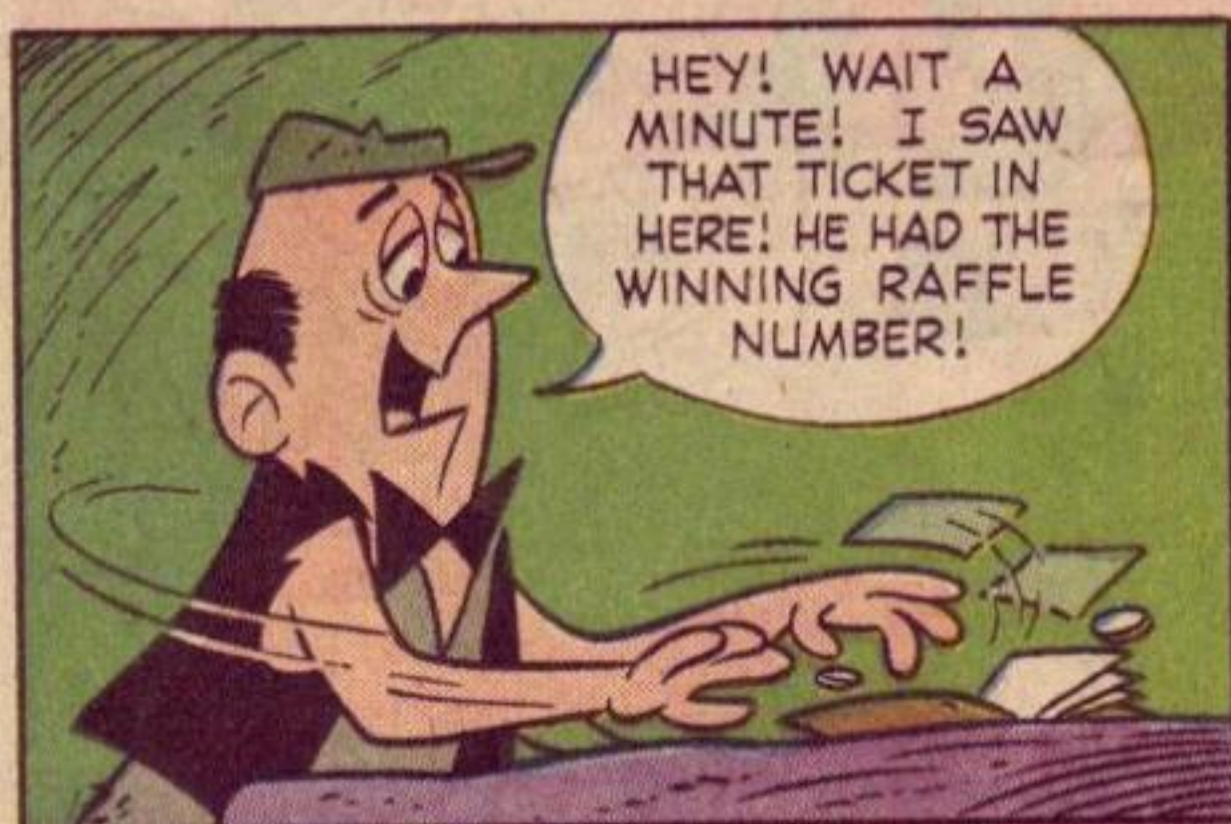
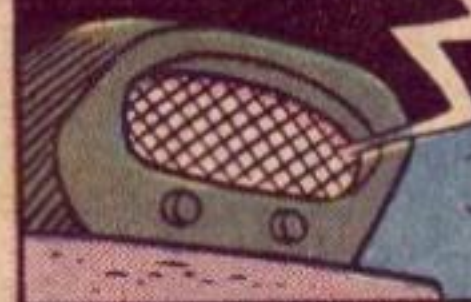
LATER...



LATER, AT PETER PIKER'S HIDE-OUT...



WE INTERRUPT TO BRING YOU THE LUCKY WINNER OF THE CITY RAFFLE! NUMBER **SEVENTY-SEVEN** WINS THE BRAND-NEW HOME!



SHORTLY...



So...

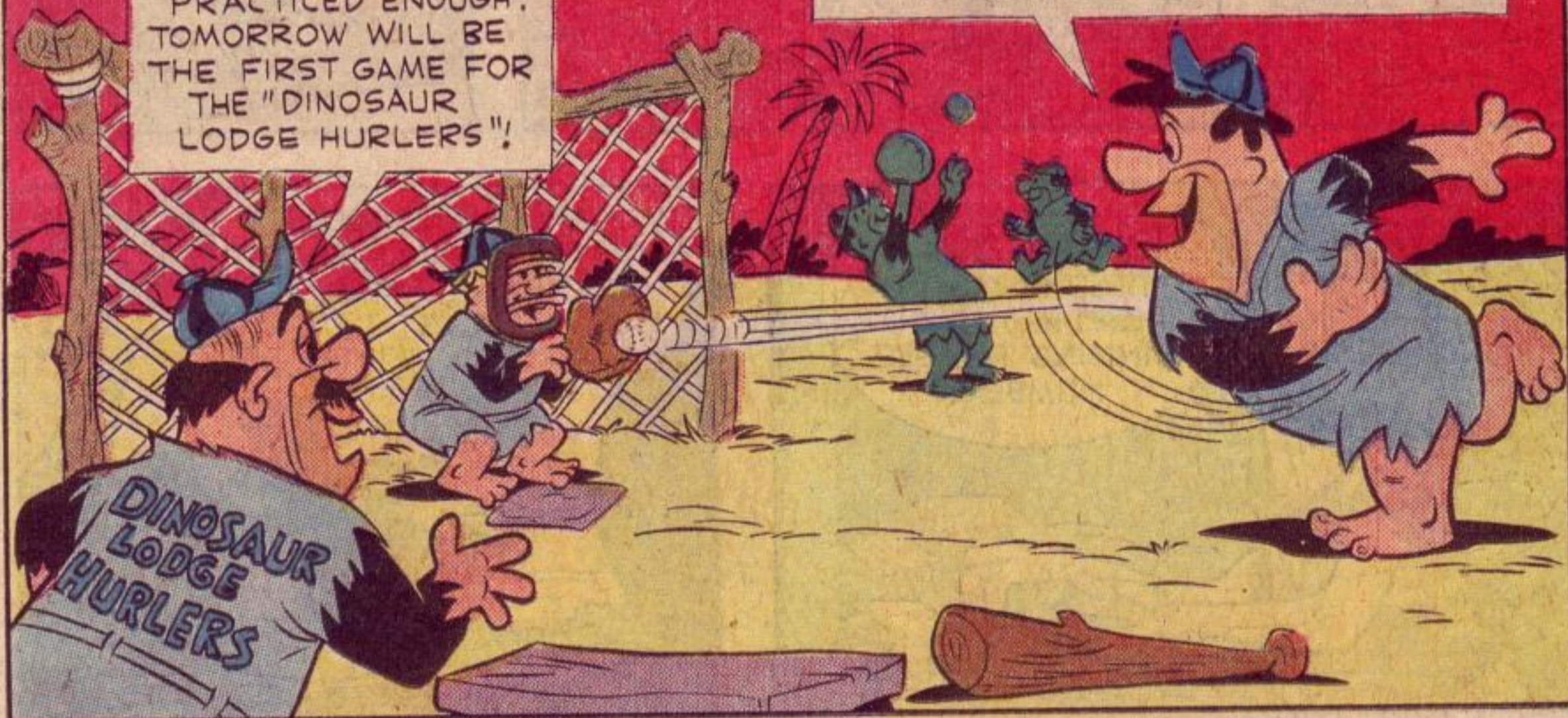


Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES IN THERE PITCHING

OKAY, FELLOWS! WE'VE
PRACTICED ENOUGH!
TOMORROW WILL BE
THE FIRST GAME FOR
THE "DINOSAUR
LODGE HURLERS"!

WE'LL FRACTURE THAT "BROTHERS OF
THE BRONTOSAURUS" TEAM!



WOW! WOULDN'T IT BE SOMETHING IF
OUR TEAM GOT ALL THE WAY TO THE
INTER-STATE FRATERNAL CLUBS PLAY-
OFF?

IMPOSSIBLE!
REMEMBER WHO
IS PITCHING!



VERY FUNNY! BUT WITH
THE UNBEATABLE COMBI-
NATION OF FLINTSTONE
ON THE PITCHER'S MOUND
AND RUBBLE BEHIND
HOME PLATE, WE CAN'T
LOSE!



I THINK WE'D DO BETTER WITH
BOTH OF YOU ON THE BENCH!
HA, HA, HA!

WE'RE TEASING,
FRED!



I HAVE TO WRITE DOWN ALL YOUR LAST
NAMES AND TURN IN THE TEAM ROSTER
FOR THE GAME TOMORROW!





SHORTLY...

ONLY YOU TWO COULD DO IT!
YOU BOTH MANAGED TO
SPRAIN YOUR ARMS AT ONCE!
BUT IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS!
JUST DON'T USE THEM FOR
A FEW WEEKS!



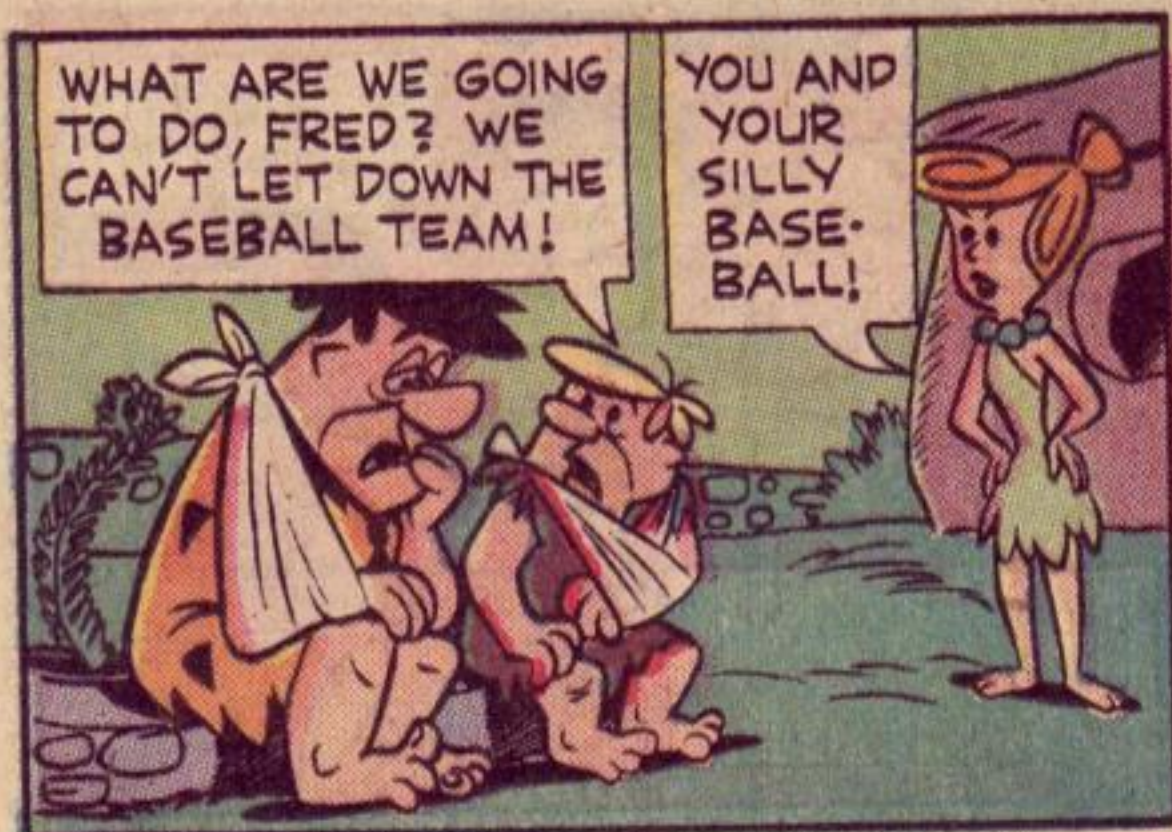
NOTHING SERIOUS?
BUT, DOC! WE HAVE
TO PLAY BASEBALL
TOMORROW!

OUT OF THE
QUESTION!
GOOD DAY!



WHAT ARE WE GOING
TO DO, FRED? WE
CAN'T LET DOWN THE
BASEBALL TEAM!

YOU AND
YOUR
SILLY
BASE-
BALL!



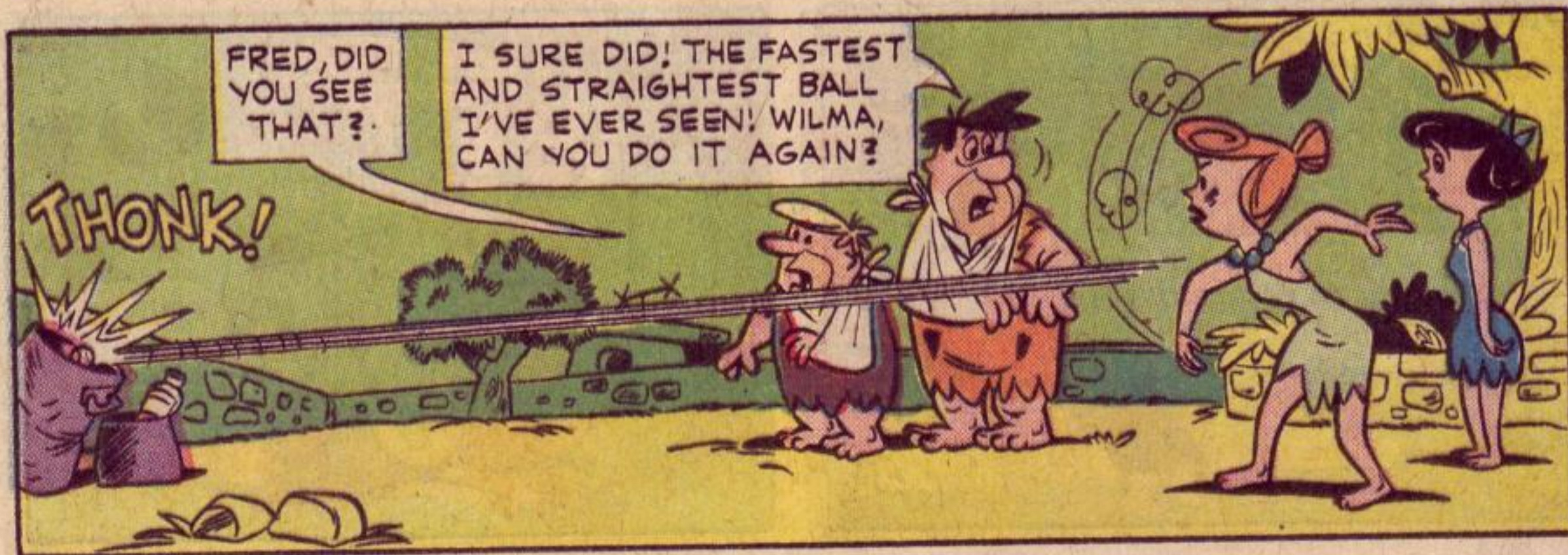
IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS THING, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOURSELVES!



FRED, DID
YOU SEE
THAT?

I SURE DID! THE FASTEST
AND STRAIGHTEST BALL
I'VE EVER SEEN! WILMA,
CAN YOU DO IT AGAIN?

THONK!



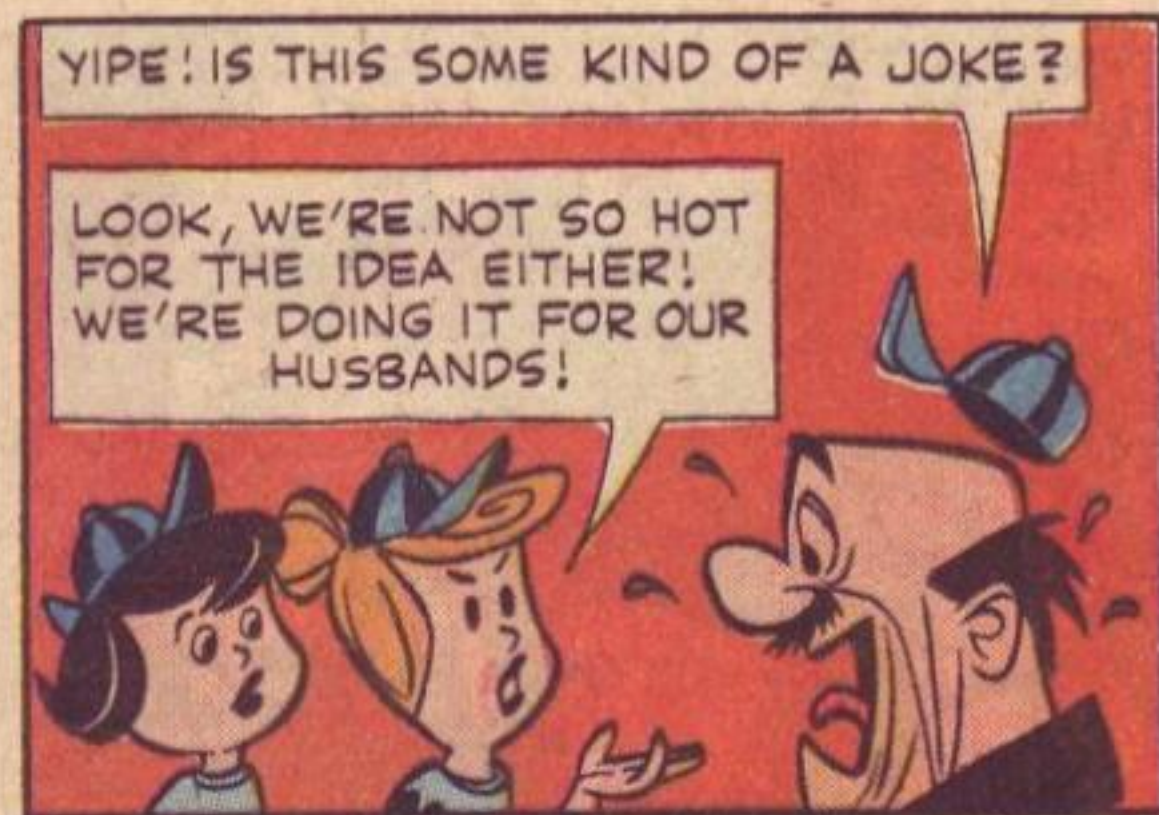
SURE! I GET PLENTY OF PRACTICE
TOSsing BETTY STUFF FROM MY
WINDOW TO HERS! IT'S A SYSTEM
WE WORKED OUT TO SAVE STEPS!



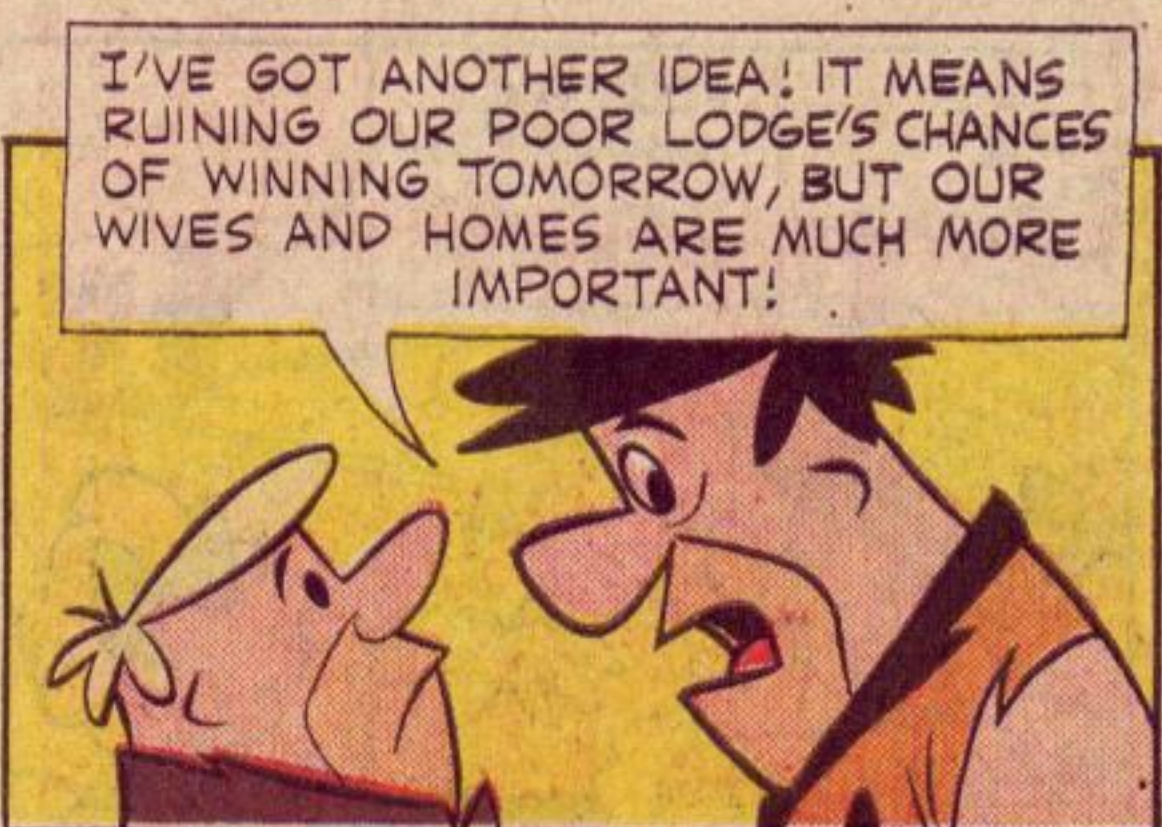
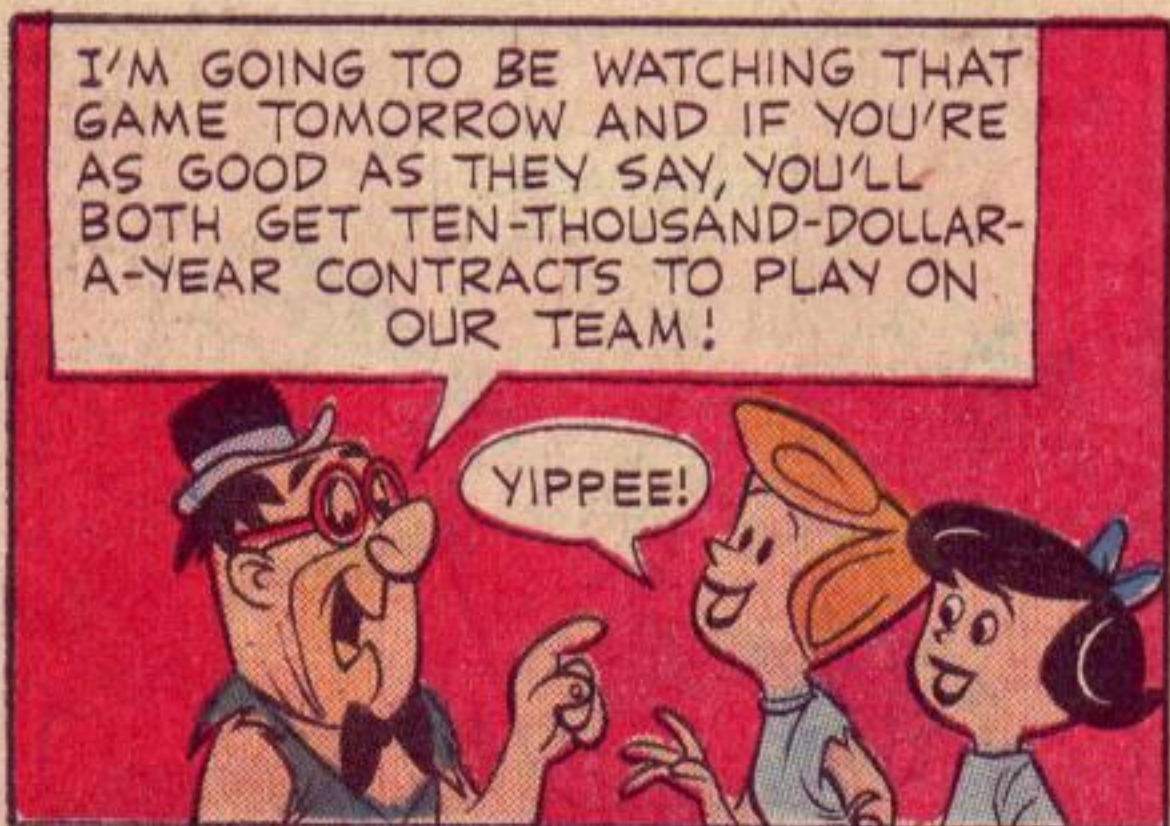
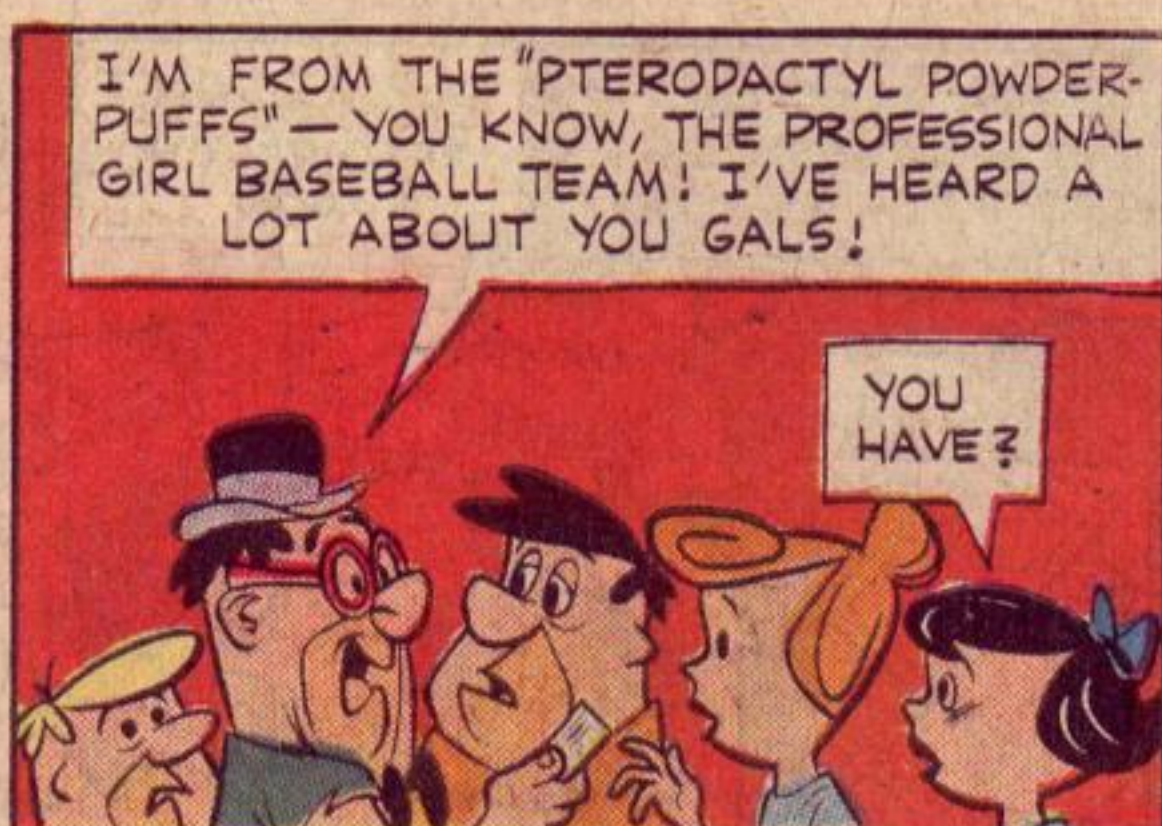
AND I NEVER MISS A CATCH, EITHER!

(ULP!)
SHOW
US!









NEXT DAY...

I FEEL SILLY
CARRYING
THESE THINGS
WHERE PEOPLE
CAN SEE US!

THAT'S THE
POINT!
OUR WIVES
WILL BE
ABLE TO SEE
US TOO!

BUT HOW WILL
US BEING WITH
DUMMIES
BOTTER THEM?

FROM THE FIELD THEY
WON'T BE ABLE TO
TELL THEY ARE
DUMMIES, DUMMY!

(ULP!) I DON'T
BELIEVE MY
EYES!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR
EYES, EITHER!

HEY, WILMA! WHAT'S
COME OVER YOU?
TAKE IT EASY!

GRRR!

SMAAACK!

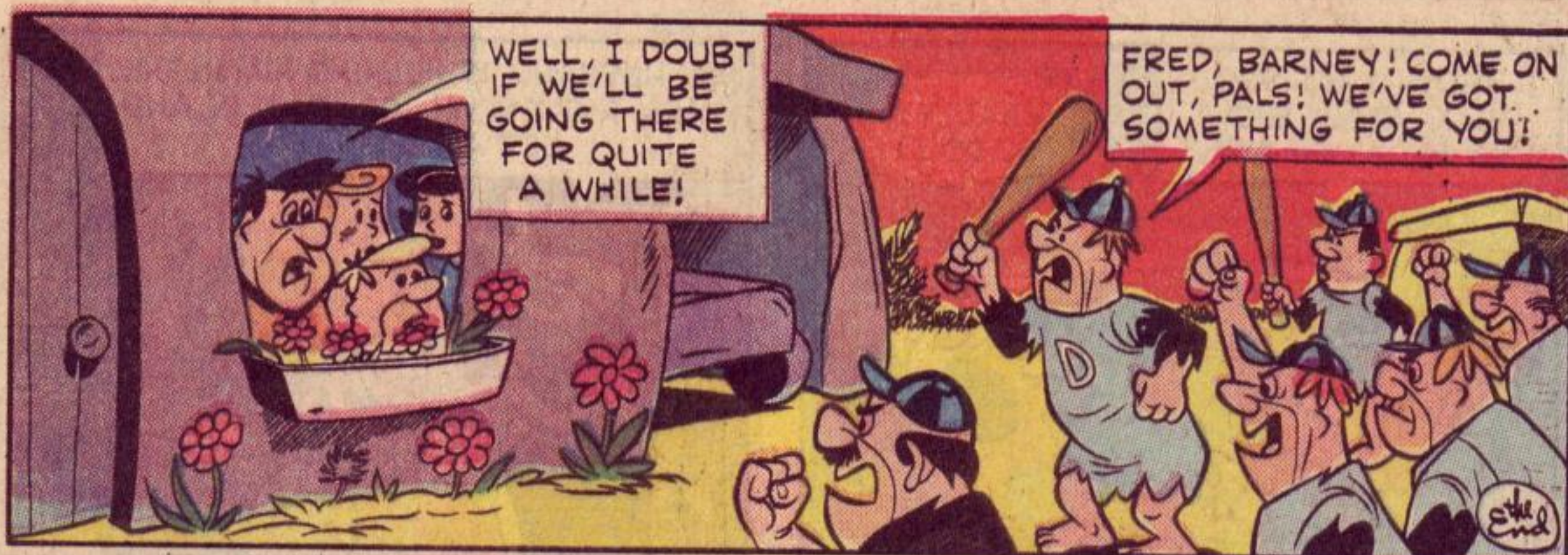
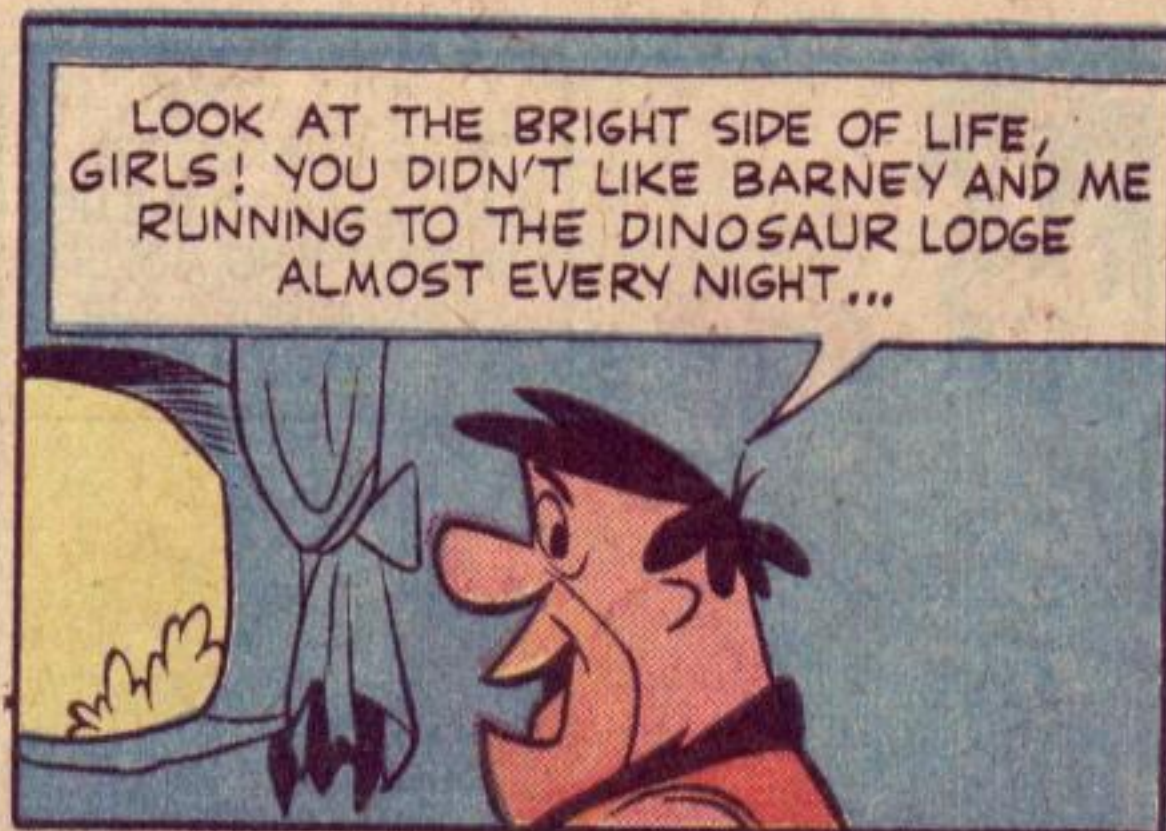
FOUL BALL!
ABOUT THE
FOULEST I'VE
EVER SEEN!

COME ON, BETTY! WE'VE GOT MORE
IMPORTANT BATTLES TO FIGHT!

RIGHT!



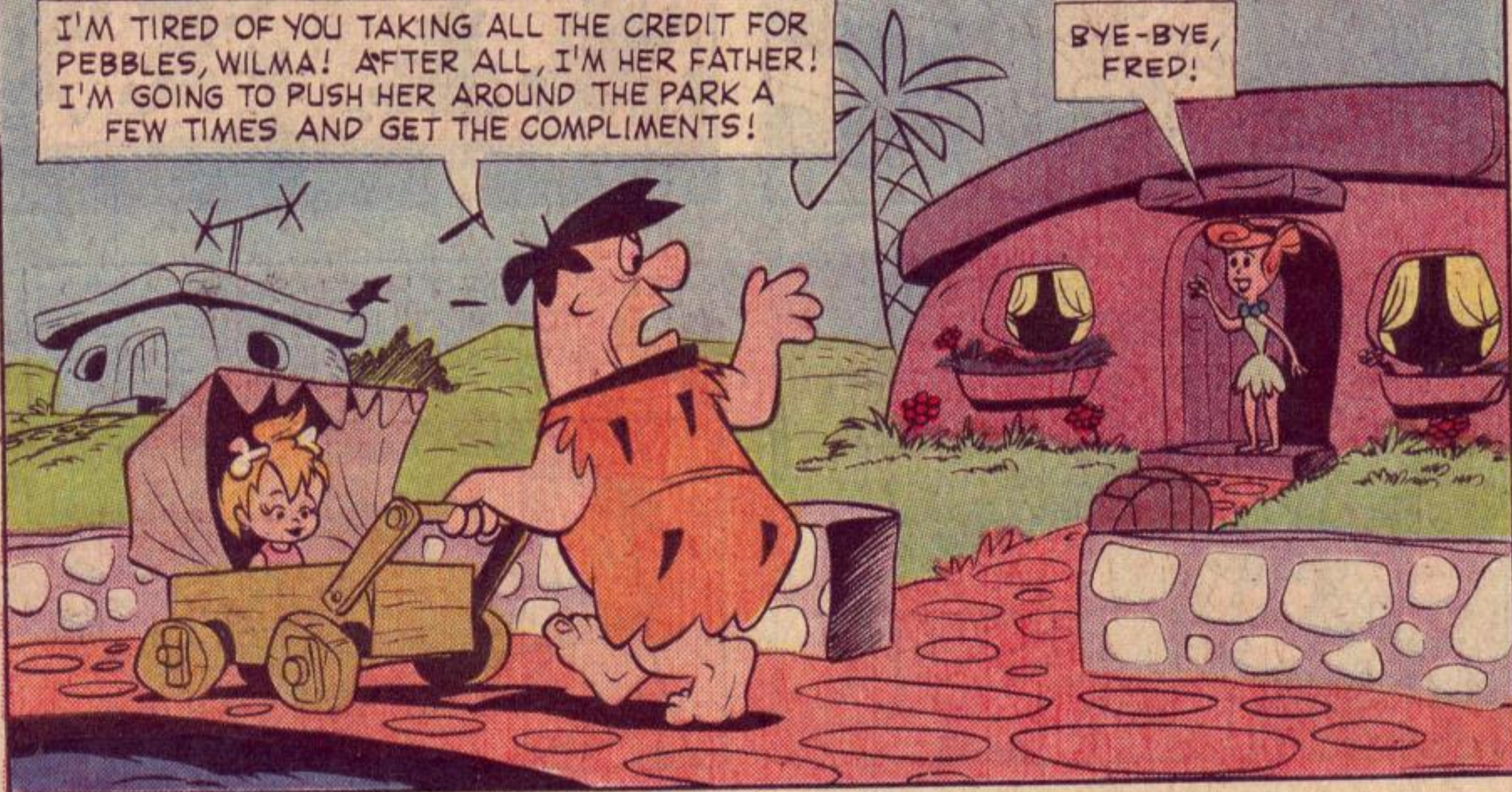
LATER, BACK HOME...



Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
PANIC IN THE PARK

I'M TIRED OF YOU TAKING ALL THE CREDIT FOR PEBBLES, WILMA! AFTER ALL, I'M HER FATHER! I'M GOING TO PUSH HER AROUND THE PARK A FEW TIMES AND GET THE COMPLIMENTS!

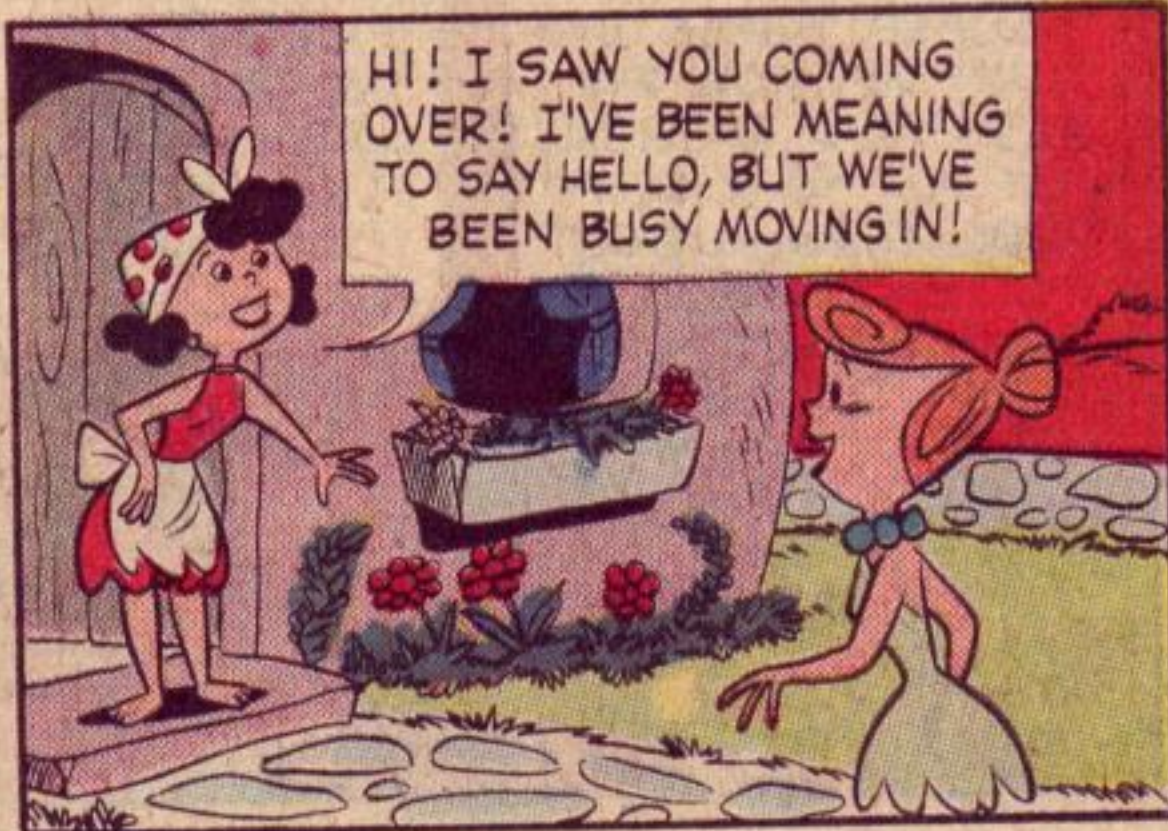
BYE-BYE, FRED!



I'LL TAKE THIS CHANCE TO SAY HELLO TO THE NEW FOLKS WHO MOVED IN ACROSS THE STREET!



HI! I SAW YOU COMING OVER! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SAY HELLO, BUT WE'VE BEEN BUSY MOVING IN!

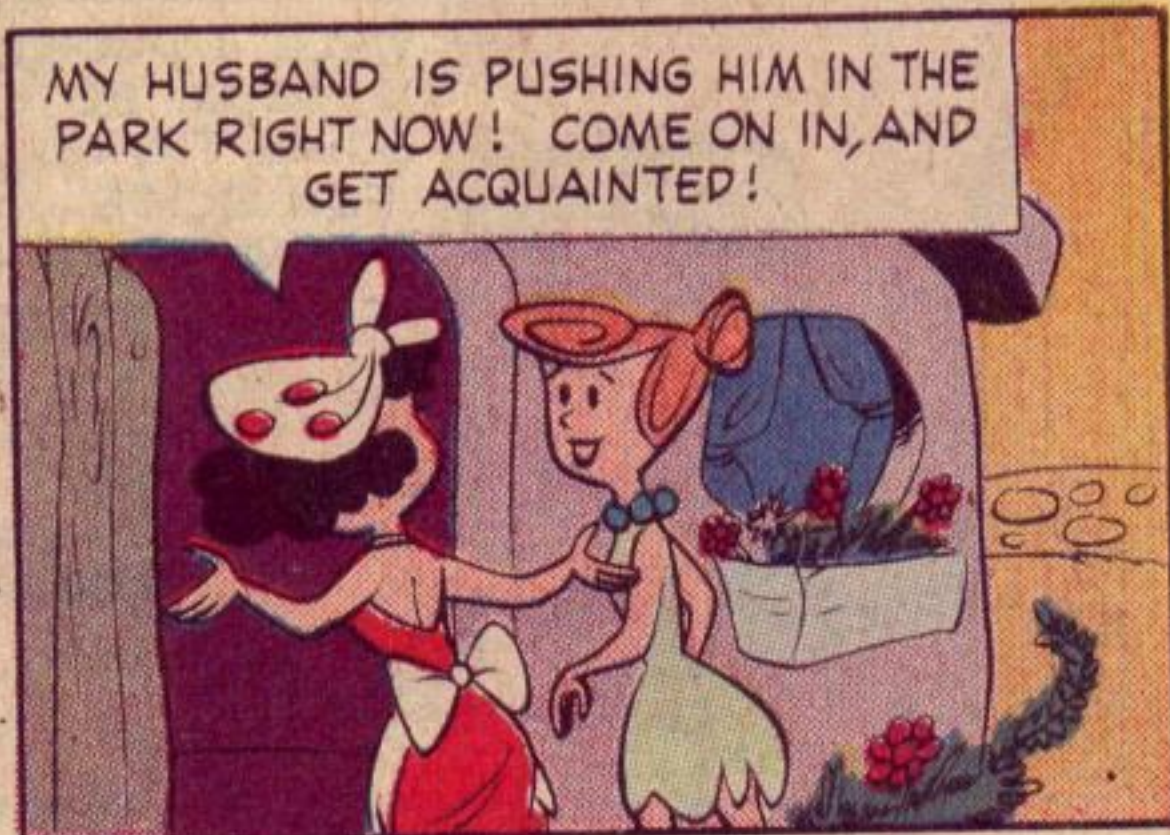


I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT BUSY! I'VE GOT A NEW BABY!

REALLY? SO DO I!



MY HUSBAND IS PUSHING HIM IN THE PARK RIGHT NOW! COME ON IN, AND GET ACQUAINTED!



MEANWHILE...

